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47. 1773



47. 1773





47. 1773









POOR HENRY,  
OR  
THE LITTLE PILGRIM;  
A STORY FOR  
CHRISTIAN CHILDREN.

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"Thy word is a lantern unto my feet, and a light unto my paths."

*Psalm cxix. 105.*

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# POOR HENRY, OR THE LITTLE PILGRIM.

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## CHAPTER I.

POOR HENRY TELLS HIS OWN TALE IN THE FOLLOWING  
MANNER :—

As the traveller journeys from the Chalêt upon the Weissenstein, to go to Hasenmatte, he sees on the right hand a wooded and rocky precipice which stretches abruptly downwards into a deep valley, out of which peep several neat little villages ; near this spot, between two immense rocks, stood a small and wretched hut, formed of branches, whose openings were filled with moss, and the roof kept down by a few stones. In the interior was nothing but a bed of dried fern. There I passed the years of my childhood. It is my earliest recollection. I should not have had the least idea how I came there, if my mother had not told me. She had herself been driven from her native place by the horrors of war. My father, who was a wealthy merchant, had been shot through the heart by the enemy,—our house had been plundered and set on fire, and my mother had been obliged to save herself by flight, taking me, her only child, with her. How old I was at that time, I do not know. At length she came to this quiet spot, upon the Weissenstein, near to Solothurn, where she built the

little hut, and where we lived a long time. She often wept when she looked from the eminence on which our cottage stood, towards the Burgundian mountains,—there I fancy must have been our home. From time to time she went to Solothurn to fetch bread; our milk she procured from the Chalêt; and this constituted our only food. In winter we lodged with a farmer in the valley, who allowed us to occupy a corner in his warm kitchen. It was there I learnt to read: though, in the whole place, there was neither Bible nor Testament to be found. I was called by everybody only “Poor Henry:” and I surprised them all by the quickness with which I learned to read. My mother was very pious; every day she prayed to God upon her knees, and she told me many pretty stories about holy children; about Isaac, Joseph, Samuel, and David; and especially about our Saviour Jesus Christ, and what obedience He had shown both to His earthly parents and to His heavenly Father. I began to wish to become like Him; and my mother said to me, that I must pray diligently and earnestly, and then I should obtain strength to become so. She said also, that my Father in Heaven was now indeed my real Father: to Him I must look when I stood in need of anything; for it is written in the Bible, that He will be a father to the fatherless. My mother told me a great deal out of the Bible, although we did not possess one. She had brought with her, at the time of her coming to the Weissenstein, a French prayer-book, out of which I learned to read French. I learned to read German in the village, from a German hymn-book. At that time, I had no idea that there were any other books in the

world except a bible, a prayer-book, and a hymn-book. When I was about twelve years old my mother fell sick. It was a very hot summer, and we were living in our cottage upon the mountain. I wept very bitterly, because my mother said that she should soon die. "What will become of me when you die?" I asked. She said to me, "My dear child, I shall not be much longer here, I feel that my life is drawing to a close; I am going to my home in heaven, to meet your father, and to see my blessed Saviour. I know that He will make me happy. I shall see Him whom my soul loveth, and who has supported me through this vale of misery. I know also, that our Heavenly Father will care for you, for I have often prayed to Him on your account. Only keep always faithful to Him, and you will see that He will direct all things for your good. Never forget your prayers. Strive to be among pious people, and learn to work, that you may eat your own bread. The only thing I have to leave you is wrapped up in this piece of paper: save it for a time of need. Farewell, my dearest child. Do not grieve, for I go to my Redeemer, and when I am gone to Him it will be well with me."

She extended to me her cold hand,—I wept aloud. She became gradually weaker, and in two hours she was no more.

## CHAPTER II.

I ran down into the village and told the people that my mother was dead, all the way crying and lamenting bitterly. Some people afterwards came up to the cottage, took my mother away, buried her

in the Church-yard, and placed a cross over her grave. I had no heart to lay a garland of flowers upon it, as is there the custom, my sorrow was too great; I could do nothing but weep. As soon as the funeral was over, with many thanks and tears I took leave of the good man, with whom we had always lodged in winter, and commenced my weary journey. But whither? Where shall the poor boy from a strange country find a home? Who, in his ragged clothes, will take him into their house? or who will be disposed to give him anything, when so many other beggars pass their doors? Who will be a father or a mother to the poor forsaken orphan? Just as I was putting these questions to myself, the thought came into my mind,—there above is my Father.—Did not my dear mother tell me so? Upon this, I fell upon my knees in the highway, and began to pray to my Father above. “Look, blessed Father in heaven, here is a poor orphan, from whom Thou hast taken away both father and mother, and who neither knows what to do, nor where to turn; wilt Thou not shew me which way to go, and where I may find a home, where good people dwell; Oh dear Father, take pity upon me, and guide me in the right way.” After I had continued praying in this manner for some time, and had risen again on my feet, I remembered all at once the paper that my dear mother had given me, with the charge to take good care of it.

I thought I might as well see what it contained, so I went to the roadside and sat down behind a wild rose bush. Upon opening the paper I found a gold coin inside. The paper itself was a bit of old printed French book. On one side I read:—

12. "Hear my prayer, O Lord, and give hear unto my cry; hold not Thy peace at my tears: for I am a stranger with thee, and a sojourner as all my fathers were.

13. "O spare me a little, that I may recover my strength before I go hence and be no more.

PSALM LX.

David praises God for the help which He had afforded him, and gathers from it.....

(Here it was torn off. Upon the other side I read the following.)

3. "O send out Thy light and thy truth; let them lead me; let them bring me to Thy holy hill and to thy tabernacle.

4. "Then will I go unto the altar of God, unto God my exceeding joy; yea, upon the harp will I praise Thee, O God, my God.

5. Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? hope in God, for I shall yet praise Him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God."

As I did not know that there were any other books besides the bible, hymn book, and prayer book, I concluded immediately that this must be a piece out of a bible, and this caused me so much joy that I quite forgot to take notice of the gold coin. And what comfort did I find in these verses! I remarked that David must have prayed these words, and I thought to myself that he must have been in the same circumstances and have had the same feelings as myself. And because there was also written, "David praises God for the help he has afforded him," I concluded that it was a part



of the same subject, and I said to myself, well if God heard David's prayer He will hear mine too, for I have just been praying like David. I was therefore much pleased with my leaf and put it up very carefully. "I am a stranger with thee, and a sojourner;" thus had David said, and what then am I? am I not also a sojourner? let me then gladly be a stranger, until it shall please my Father in heaven to appoint me a home and a place of rest. Occupied with these thoughts, I walked forward upon the road without knowing whither it would bring me. I passed the night in a peasant's cottage. The next day I came to a large sheet of water, it was the Lake of Biennie. In the evening I reached the town of Neufchatel, which lies upon a still larger lake, I thought of course it must be the sea, and was quite astonished when I was told that the sea was much, very much larger. In Neufchatel, I fell in also with kind people, who gave me shelter for the night. The next day was Sunday: as I was ashamed however to go to Church in my ragged clothes, I left the town early in the morning, and climbed up a high mountain. The sun had risen gloriously, and in the distance I saw a long range of snow-capped mountains. Oh what an extent of glorious objects did I behold at one glance! I threw myself upon my knees and prayed to the great God who made all this:—"O Thou rich and mighty Father in heaven, what a great and glorious world is thine! Is there not a little spot on it for me? Must I be always a stranger and a sojourner?" I went forward, still keeping the high road, and towards evening came to a pretty village, they called St. Imer. I ran straight to the nearest house.

It was a public house and there were many people in it from the neighbouring villages who were enjoying themselves. They asked me, as I went into the room, who I was? I said "Poor Henry!" for I knew nothing at all about my surname. They laughed, and inquired further where I came from? I answered, "from my mother's grave." They then laughed no more, but asked me who was my father? I replied: "God in heaven is my Father;" at this, their attention seemed excited, and I had to tell them my story; they supplied me with food, and presented me besides with some money. The next morning, after a sweet night's rest, I left St. Imer. As I was leaving, the landlord said to me, "Where are you going then, my lad?" "Home." I replied; "And where is your home?" "In heaven." "You are a strange lad," he called after me, as I walked away; but I thought to myself, what can there be strange in my saying that I am going home, and that my home is in heaven? Am I not then a stranger and a sojourner upon earth? yes, indeed, a sojourner. Of this I had now abundant experience, as I climbed the steep ascent from St. Imer, the sharp stones soon reminded me that my shoes were in holes, and I found walking very painful. However, I came on the same day to the town of Moutier, where I got my shoes mended, having fortunately money enough to pay for them. But, oh how I enjoyed the beautiful road from Court to Corrandelin, which for several miles together led through a passage between immensely high rocks; and in some places the rocks, which were nearly as steep as a church tower, approached so close together that there was

only room left for the road, and a little streamlet to run between. On I wandered, quite delighted, quite forgot my sore feet, and continually kept my eyes turned to the summits of the mountains, through which only a narrow strip of sky was visible. All at once I espied above me on the rocks something very red, lying among the grass; ah, thought I to myself, 'if I could only get up to that place, what a number of beautiful red flowers I should find!' The narrow valley now became a little wider, and I quickly perceived near to me on my left hand, a similar red spot among the bushes, and full of curiosity I ran up to it. But what did I find? No flowers! but several heavy red pebbles, like beans, some smaller, some larger. I fancied of course I had found a wonderful treasure, and filled all my pockets with them, so that I could only walk at a very slow pace. I pleased myself as I went with thinking how much money I should get at the next town for my pretty red stones, and what nice things I would buy with it: first of all, a bible, then better clothes, then a house, &c.

When I was approaching near to Aesch, two gentlemen met me, who looked like clergymen. I took off my cap, and going up to them, shewed them my pretty stones, and asked them how much they were worth; but the gentlemen said very kindly: "my good little lad, you have been pleasing yourself for nothing; no one will give you anything for them, they are altogether not worth a batzen; they are only bonerz, which is very abundant about here." (Bonerz is used for smelting iron.) My hopes were now all dashed to the ground. I emptied my pockets, threw the stones away, and walked

forward with a sad heart upon the high road. I can buy no bible now, and no clothes, and no house, poor Henry ! As I was thus grieving, the thought struck me : what ! have I so soon forgotten what is written upon my little leaf, "I am a stranger, and a sojourner ?" what has a stranger or a sojourner to do with a house and fine clothes ? No ! let me be content as I am. A Bible ! yes, certainly, that I should like to have ; for if everything in it is as beautiful and as comforting as the little bit I have, I would gladly give a hundred gold pieces for it if I had them.

Well, I wont give up all hope yet. When I inquired on my way about a bible, I was directed to go to Basle, there I was told I should be sure to get one. Now it so happened that I was exactly upon the highroad to that town, though it was a matter of amazement to me how I had come upon it, as the country was quite unknown to me, and as a stranger and sojourner I had always followed the first beaten path I came to without exercising any choice. But I was a stranger with Thee, oh God ; Thy pilgrim therefore hast Thou so mercifully led me. On the second day after my leaving Moutier, I arrived in good time at the town of Basle. But, oh ! how astonished I was ; I had never before seen so large a town : would that I were only safely within it. But there stand the sentinels before the gates, they suffer no one to enter without a passport ;—and I am a stranger and a sojourner. However, I got safely through, the guards probably taking me for a child belonging to the town. As I walked through the streets, and gazed at the large handsome houses, and the large and handsome

shops, I thought to myself, they are no strangers and pilgrims who live there. I arrived at the market place and there asked for a bible. A man directed me to the Rhine gate, where he said I could get one cheap; and I, more and more delighted at the thought of at last seeing this precious book, ran quickly forward through a few narrow streets till I came to the Rhine gate, and when there did not know which to admire most, the mighty flowing river, larger than any I had yet beheld, or the noble bridge which spanned it, and which was no less new to me. But I did not stand long upon the bridge, my bible was of more importance; I inquired therefore for the man who dealt in old books, and his house was pointed out to me. As I stepped into the shop, and saw the immense number of books it contained, I was quite overcome with astonishment. "Oh what bibles!" I exclaimed, not knowing that there were any other books besides bibles. The man however informed me that what I saw were not all bibles, but books of a thousand different sorts. And now I was more astonished than ever. "I should like to have a bible." "A French or German one?" he inquired, for he probably had guessed by my pronunciation that I was of French extraction. The choice was difficult, and I was obliged to take some time to consider. I had not known before that there were German bibles as well, and now I should like to have had both. I made known my thoughts to the happy man who owned all these books: he said, "Come then, I can help you out of your difficulty. I have a Bible here, which is French on one side and German on the other." Oh, how delighted was I, when I had this Bible really

in my hands. It was handsomely bound, had a loose cover, and gilt edges. "But now, how is it to be paid for, little one?" asked the book dealer. "you don't look as if you were very well able to pay for such a bible as that." I pulled out my gold piece, laid it down and said, "Is not that enough?" The man examined it with surprise, looked at me suspiciously and said, "that is enough certainly, but how——" "Well then if it is enough" I exclaimed, "a thousand thanks for the bible;" and quicker than a thief, I ran out of the shop, down the steps, and over the Rhine bridge, when I was quickly lost among the crowd. The man it is true called after me, but I feared no other than that he wanted to take my bible away from me again, and paid no attention; happier than a king when I found myself in safety with the bible in my hand, for which I had so long and so vainly sighed. In Klein, (little Basle,) I met with some good people who took me in and promised me a night's lodging: they soon however took a fancy to me, and as they had no children, they made me the proposal to remain with them. I said, "No; I am a stranger and a sojourner, as all my fathers were." At length, however, I allowed myself to be persuaded; and so my pilgrim life for a time was brought to an end.

### CHAPTER III.

My first business was to read in my bible; and what a pleasure it was to me when I found in it some stories which my dear mother had narrated to me. For very joy I did not know at first where to begin, whether with the story of Joseph, or of

Abraham, Solomon, or JESUS. Sometimes I read in the old, sometimes in the new Testament. But you will say: Has Henry then no occasion to work? Can he afford to spend the whole day over his bible? No; dear reader! this was not at all my intention, but it was God's will that for some time I should be able to do nothing else all day than read my bible.

It pleased Him that I should fall sick, and to that degree, that I was obliged to lie all day in bed; an abscess had formed in my left foot, which became after a while as large as both my hands. I suffered very great pain; for the first week or two I was able in reading my bible to forget the pain it caused me, but afterwards it became so excessive, that I could get no rest day or night, and could do nothing but sigh and groan. The good people I was with did all in their power, by kindness and attention to lighten my sufferings, still the burning pain increased from day to day, and I had nearly died from very impatience, had I not learned in some little degree to know what patience was.

In this extremity I remembered how my gracious Father in heaven had once before come to my aid, when after the death of my dear mother I seemed utterly forsaken, and knew not which way to go; and how He had comforted me by the passage "I am a stranger, and a sojourner as all my fathers were." I turned quickly back to my little leaf, for I thought, perhaps, I shall find some comfort for my present need. Now, it is true, I am no sojourner, though still a stranger, for the present I have found a home, God be praised for His goodness.

“Oh, spare me a little, that I may recover my strength, before I go hence and be no more seen.”

So it was written, upon my leaf. ‘Now then,’ I said to myself, ‘what do I want more? That suits my present state entirely. I ought to pray, and not to complain and murmur.’ My little leaf was now dearer to me than ever. I began to pray, and several times repeated the words, “Oh, spare me a little!” and believed confidently that God would hear me. And see what happened. The next day the abscess broke, and the pain almost entirely ceased: and then how full of thankfulness did I feel towards God!—How glad was I, that I could again read in my bible, and find instruction and solace in the beautiful stories it contains. My favourite parts were the Gospels, and the Acts of the Apostles. When I came to the passage xiv. St. John, 14th v.: it seemed to me something quite strange, that we ought also to pray to the Saviour; for that I had not known before. I thought, ‘Oh, I am so happy that we may call upon Jesus, for He must know better than any one what it is to be a stranger and a sojourner, such as I am. For such was He, when upon earth; and He says of Himself, “The Son of Man hath not where to lay His head.” Neither had He a house nor a bed to call his own, and for three long years he had to hire or to beg his lodging where He could. The birds of the air, and the foxes of the field, were better provided for than He was. And my case is just the same.’—What pleasure did this thought give me! My bible became more precious to me every day. On one occasion when I was turning over the leaves, I remembered that the book was not quite new, that it had



belonged to some one before me : I turned to the beginning, and found upon the blank leaf before the title page a name written M. H——, Minister of M——. I then took off the cover from the outside, and behold ! a bit of paper with something heavy inside dropped out ; upon opening it, I found that it contained two gold pieces. My surprise may be imagined ! I called my foster-parents, showed them my gold pieces, and told them how they had come into my possession. “ Well,” said my foster-father “ you have now become rich all at once.” “ No,” I replied ; “ this money belongs to the man from whom I bought the bible ; as soon as I am well enough, I must take it back to him again.” “ Quite right,” said my foster-father, “ do so !” It was not long before I was able to go out. I went accordingly straight over the Rhine Bridge to the bookseller, and told him the whole story. He seemed very much surprised, and said such a thing had never happened to him before. He had not the slightest idea how the money had come into the book ; but he took it, and said he would do his best to find out the owner, and return it to him. He returned me also my gold which I had received from my mother, and had paid to him for my bible. I was not sorry to have it again, as my dear mother had charged me to save it for a time of need. Now for the first time I examined it closely : on one side was the impression of an old man upon his knees, praying, and above him were the words Nicolaus von Flue : upon the other side was this inscription, Ducatus Reipubl. Subsylvaniæ, 1743. I had no idea what this meant, but I understood perfectly well that this design should teach me the

duty of prayer in all circumstances. My foster-father told me when I got home, that this Nicolaus von der Flue was a very holy man belonging to the Canton of Underwalden, in Switzerland, who lived more than four hundred years ago, had passed many years in solitude, and who spent the greatest part of his time in prayer. I now put my gold piece very carefully by, and resolved to use it only in a case of very great necessity.

## CHAPTER IV.

Matters might now have gone very well with me. I was sent to school: I soon learnt to write, and could already read as well as most children of my age. I suffered no want either of food or clothing; and had nothing to complain of, except that my foster-father was very strict with me. His purpose I know was good; but I had been accustomed to my dear mother's gentle leading, had been always allowed to run about as I liked, and I found it by no means to my taste, to be obliged out of school hours to sit at home and wind yarn, my foster-father being a stuff weaver. And when at times I took it into my head to remain absent without leave, and enjoy myself with the boys in the street, I was always severely punished for my disobedience. By degrees, my abode in Basle became disagreeable to me, and I began to think of seeking out some other place where I should find things more to my mind. During this period of discontent and disobedience, I had entirely fallen away from prayer, neither was my bible so dear to me as it had been formerly. Many times I was filled with alarm, when I remem-

bered what pleasure I had before time found in prayer, and what little desire or delight the thought of it now produced. My conscience told me, that I had grieved and offended my heavenly Father. But such thoughts as these speedily passed away from my mind, I became daily more giddy and disobedient, and an increasing source of pain and annoyance to my foster-parents. What happened? One holyday afternoon I went out with them to take a walk—a walk I shall ever remember, for it was my last with them. They spoke to me very seriously respecting my naughtiness, and let fall some threatenings, which put me into a bad humour. Our way led over the Rhine bridge into Basle, through the town, past St. Margareth's to Benningen, a little village in the neighbourhood. We then crossed over a handsome square planted with trees belonging to an inn, which stood at the farther side. There was much company at this place seated at tables in the open air, drinking wine, beer, &c. My foster-parents seated themselves also at one of the tables where there was room for them, and I took my place beside them. We had been sitting, perhaps half an hour, when an old man came out of the house, carrying under his arm a strange instrument with strings, such as I had never seen before. He seemed to be about sixty, with long white hair, deep set piercing eyes, and a very grave and melancholy countenance. His coat was far worn, though not at all in rags, and it was not easy to tell whether the colour had been originally green or blue; his waistcoat had been trimmed with gold lace, of which a few shreds were still hanging from it; his breeches were black and

wide, reaching down to his shoes. He wore a round hat with the brim turned up, something like a Tyrolese hat, and a red flower was stuck in it, now however quite withered. Without once looking round to see who was present, he seated himself on a bench in front of the house, and began to strike a few chords upon his instrument. In reply to my inquiries I was told it was a harp. But never shall I forget the sensation I experienced upon first hearing the tones of that harp. I felt as if I myself was a harp full of strings, which one by one were struck and set in motion, so powerfully did these sounds affect me. I could not bear to sit any longer at the table, but ran up to the old man and seated myself at his feet. And when after a time he commenced singing, blending his plaintive and melancholy voice with the soft tones of the harp, all the visitors began to listen, and there was a general silence; for though doubtless, they had often heard a harp before, yet such singing as they now listened to was something quite new to them. He played and sung to it the following:—

#### THE HARPER'S SONG.

---

Yonder where the white cliffs shine,  
 Across the placid main,  
 Where clusters of the purple vine  
 Mix with the golden grain;

And where besides the Citron, blow  
 The almond's roseate flowers,  
 Where Rhone's wide waters proudly flow  
 'Mid gaily smiling bowers.

There stood my happy cottage home,  
 Deep in its verdant shade;  
 Tall trees, their summits like a dome,  
 Spread branching over head.

Fresh breezes from the south breathed balm  
 In mid-day's sultry air;  
 And, oh! how holy was the calm,  
 When night brought rest and prayer.

In quiet peace around me grew,  
 A happy youthful band,  
 Each day I thanked my God anew,  
 For blessings from His hand.

No anxious cares disturbed our rest;  
 No envy marred our joy;  
 With love, with calm contentment blest,  
 The days flew swiftly by.

But fearful storms burst madly forth,  
 With fury uncontrolled  
 They came from out the distant North,  
 And o'er us wildly rolled.

And oh! my little peaceful home,  
 Which calmly nestling lay,  
 Beneath the green o'er arching door,  
 Became that tempest's prey:

My children, dearer far than life,  
 Found graves amid the flowers:  
 And she, my good, my faithful wife,  
 Not long survived those hours.

I turned me with a blind amaze,  
 Towards the fated scene,  
 And lo! a red and murky blaze,  
 Where once my home had been!

Then sank my soul beneath the blast,  
 My life-blood then grew chill;  
 The storm's full rage had o'er me past,  
 And left me lone and still.

One only thing unscathed I found,  
 One only thing was mine,  
 My harp, whose strings were wont to sound  
 With melodies divine.

With grief it now but fills the air,  
 Woe wakes at every breath,  
 Since on that day of dark despair  
 I left the scene of death.

*Then* only may it sing of praise,  
*Then* gladness mark its strain,  
 When low before the throne of grace  
 I wake its notes again.

A mansion blest will then become  
 The hut which now lies low,  
 And I shall find a better home,  
 And God my Saviour know :

My children then shall leave with joy  
 Their beds amid the flowers,  
 And meet their mother blest on high,  
 In Heaven's eternal bowers.

While the song lasted everything was so hushed and silent that you might have heard a leaf fall from the tree. Every one was affected, and here and there you might see one wiping away the unbidden tears. The old man was well rewarded, though he had asked for nothing. I felt singularly drawn towards him, perhaps, because I was already dissatisfied with my position, and because also he was a stranger and a pilgrim like myself, and the love of wandering had for some time past, again become strong within me. I could think therefore of nothing else, but how I should manage to get away from my foster-parents, and go with the harper. In the meantime, the evening was drawing on, and my foster-parents prepared to return home.

They called out to me, "Henry, come," but the harper had just begun playing again, so I begged to stay till he had finished the piece. They replied: "Very well then, we will be going on and you can follow us." I had however quite made up my mind to go with the harper, and only waited for his leaving the place; I then ran after him about half a mile, keeping a little distance behind, fearful and uncertain what I should say to him, or how I should make known my intention. That was because my conscience was not easy, for I knew very well that it was not right to run away from my foster-parents, who had been so kind to me. But alas, so much worse had I become during this short period of my stay in Basle, and so quickly had the wickedness of my heart become manifested, that for some time I had thought no more of the good advice of my dear mother, and it was only now, when I was again about to become a wanderer and a pilgrim, that the words she had spoken to me so earnestly in her last hours, returned to my recollection, and entered like fire into my bones: 'seek to live among pious people, and learn to work, that you may eat your own bread.' Was I now on the way to fulfill this injunction?

## CHAPTER V.

Buried in these thoughts, I had unconsciously approached nearer to the harper, he turned round, looked keenly at me with his dark eyes, and said: "What do you want, boy?" "Oh father," I said, "let me go with you!" "But who are you?" he inquired. "I am a stranger, and a sojourner, as

all my fathers were," I answered with tears in my eyes. The old man's attention was roused, and I was obliged to tell him my story. For a considerable time he stood quite silent, as if revolving in his own mind what to do: while I, in timid anxiety, awaited his reply. "Well," he said at length, "you can go with me:" but not another word did he utter till we came to the next village; there he entered into the house of a family he knew, and shortly after retired to rest. I also stretched myself upon a bench, and—slept? No: sleep did not visit me much; a thousand different thoughts passed through my mind:—what will my foster-parents think at my not going home? How shameful it is of me, thus to return their kindness with ingratitude. And what pleasure can I have with this old man, if he means to be always as silent and gloomy as he has been to-day? If I had only had my bible with me, it is a great pity that I must leave that behind. Then I thought of my gold piece, and sought hastily in my pocket to ascertain if I had it with me; fortunately it was there—the verses from the Psalms were there too as well. And now I felt again somewhat more comforted: some time past midnight I was able at length to fall asleep. When I awoke, the harper was already up, and seated at a window looking toward the east, and was singing a morning hymn to his harp. He sung it in French, and I only heard the last verse, which was as follows:—

Send thy bright beams into our mind,  
 Instil thy love into our heart.  
 May prayer with Thee acceptance find,  
 And may we in Thy grace have part,



Oh visit us, Thou God of light,  
Spirit of comfort, Heavenly Dove !  
Best gift of Heaven ; Effulgence bright !  
Send down thine unction from above.

When he had concluded, I said "good morning, father!" he thanked me, then after a while he inquired, "Are you still resolved to go with me?" "Yes father," I replied ; upon this he left the room, and it was two hours before he returned. He had during this time been to my foster-parents, had set their minds at ease, respecting my absence, and had promised to care for me like a father. This he told me afterwards. When breakfast was over, we set forward on our journey ; but I knew nothing at all as to where we were going. We left Basle on our right hand. The next town we passed through was Muhlhausen. From thence we went without halting through Colmar and Schletstadt to Strasburg. All this way he had only spoken a few single words, and at times I could not help thinking if things go on in this manner, I shall soon be tired of wandering. But then what was I to do ? So I still went on with him. At Strasburg, we crossed over the Rhine to the German side. And then it seemed as if all at once a spell had been taken off his lips, he became much more communicative and unreserved towards me, and conversed with me as a father would with his child. At our next night's lodgings he commenced teaching me to play the harp, which gave me great pleasure. From this time I was permitted to practise every evening, and had soon made such progress that I could accompany myself in singing. In the meanwhile we continued our journey along the bank of the Rhine.

without stopping longer than one night at any place we came to. I soon became quite at home with my new foster-father, and my love to him increased in proportion as he grew kind and open toward me. In accordance with his injunctions, I began anew to pray regularly and earnestly, and to find pleasure in reading the bible, whenever we happened to meet with one at our lodgings. The harper conversed frequently with me respecting eternity, and the joy which awaits us in another world, in being again united with those we loved while here, and in seeing and knowing those thousands of saints and holy men, who having served God faithfully on earth, have been thought worthy to receive a crown of glory in Heaven. These conversations proved very beneficial to me, and drove the vain and giddy thoughts out of my head which during my residence in Basle had got such hold of me. I now began to see how great my faults really were. I felt deeply humbled in the sight of God my Saviour, that I should so soon have learnt to forget Him; I begged Him earnestly to pardon me, and to renew in me a right spirit, that from henceforth I might live in blessed communion with Him. And whenever I had been praying to Him in this manner, I felt again calm and happy as I used to be, while my good foster-father rejoiced that his admonitions had taken such good effect, and that I was by degrees returning from my former evil ways. Our conversation used now to be carried on the day through, and if there happened to be other people than ourselves in any lodgings we came to, we used to talk with each other in French, about God's holy word, and the glory and the happiness

of Heaven. Sometimes he would tell me stories, and many of these stories are still treasured up in my memory. One day he told me

### THE HISTORY OF LITTLE PETER.

At the place where I lived in France, there was a poor boy, who always went by the name of Little Peter. He had no parents, and was obliged to beg his bread from door to door, and as he could sing very prettily, he was seldom turned away empty. He had however a singular habit of continually repeating the words. "It comes from above." His father when on his death bed—(though it is probable he had no bed, for he was very, very poor,) had said to him, "My dear Peter, you will be now left alone in the world, and you will have to meet with much that will seem hard to you, but think always, it comes from above, and then you will find every thing easy to bear." Little Peter had laid these words to heart, and in order that he might not forget them, was always thinking aloud, so that he could be heard by any one near him. "It comes from above." When he used to knock at the window, and a voice within called out "who's there?" His answer was, "An alms for Little Peter," or he sang a verse, such for instance ; as,

A trifle please for little Peter,  
The poor and friendless orphan boy,  
No home has he but one in heaven,  
And on earth but little joy !

Then people always knew who it was, and reached him something through the door or window. For

every gift he received, he always expressed his gratitude by saying : "Thank you, it comes from above." When little Peter grew a big boy, he began to reflect what was the actual meaning of the words, 'it comes from above,' and being a sensible lad, he soon perceived that though sin cannot come from God, yet as we are taught to believe that God is the Governor of the world, it is still quite right to say, whatever happens, 'it comes from above.' I don't myself know whether he was altogether right, only this I do know, that it was well for him that he had this faith. As he was one day walking through the town, a violent hurricane came on, blowing a slate off a house, which fell upon his shoulder and knocked him down : his first words were, 'it comes from above.' The people who were standing about laughed at him, and fancied he was not quite right, because as they said it was natural that the slate should fall down from above, and not from below upwards : but they understood not what he really meant. And observe what happened : a minute later, the same hurricane blew down in the very same street, a whole roof, killing three men who were passing at the time. Now had little Peter been still walking on, he would at the very moment when the roof fell have arrived at the spot, and probably been killed with the others. So that it was indeed 'from above' that the slate fell upon him, not only however from the roof, but from a higher point still, from heaven itself. Another time, he was commissioned by a gentleman of consequence, to carry a letter to the next town, and directed to make all possible haste : on his way he had to jump over a ditch, but the ditch was

too wide, and little Peter tumbled in and was nearly drowned. The letter remained buried in the mud, and could not be found again. As soon as little Peter got upon his feet, he said, 'it comes from above;' he then returned home and told the great man the misfortune that had befallen him, who falling into a very great rage, drove him with a horse-whip from his house. When little Peter was again in the street he only said, 'it comes from above.' The next day the great man sent for him again, and spoke to him thus: "See, my lad, here are two ducats for you, for having fallen into the water, for if the letter had arrived at its destination, the consequences to me would have been most unfortunate: matters have taken a sudden turn."

I could tell a great many other things of a similar kind about little Peter. When he was already grown to be a great Peter, though he was still called little Peter, a rich Englishman happened to come to the place, who hearing some one speak of him, had him sent for, intending to make him a present. Upon entering the room, the Englishman, whose name was Smith, said to him: "Well Peter, what do you think made me send for you?" Peter replied, "It comes from above." This pleased the gentleman, he quickly made up his mind, and said: "Your words shall prove true, I will take you as a servant, and you shall be well cared for: do you accept my offer?" "It comes from above," said Peter, "why should I not accept it." So the Englishman took him away with him. We were all sorry that we should have him no longer to come before our windows to sing us pretty verses, but he had a long time been tired of begging, and as he had learnt no

trade, we could not but be pleased that he was now well provided for.

A long time afterwards, we heard that the rich Mr. Smith was dead, and had left little Peter a large sum of money, and that he was now a wealthy man in Birmingham. But to every thing that happened he still said: 'it comes from above.'

## CHAPTER VI.

We were now in Holland: I found no end to my wonder at the large handsome towns, built of nothing but bricks, and at the noble vessels which filled the harbours; and when at length, upon arriving at Haarlem, I actually beheld the sea, then indeed, I was obliged to confess, that the lake of Neufchatel was not by far so large as it had seemed to me when I first saw it, and took it for the wide ocean. In Amsterdam, however, I suffered a great fright: we lodged in Warmoet street; one evening we had been told to wait upon a German gentleman, who lived in the Heerengracht: our way thither led through the fish-market, past the exchange, direct to the town-hall, and thence to the Heerengracht. In the fish-market I saw so many large and strangely formed fishes, that I stood for a few minutes enjoying the sight.

In the meantime, my master was gone on, and in the great crowd I soon lost sight of him: I ran as fast as I could, took the road between the great church and town-hall, which brought me to the Heerengracht: but I could see nothing of my master far or near. I did not know the number of the house we were going to, and it might be that on

missing me he had gone back to seek me in the crowd. It was of no use making inquiry, for I did not understand Dutch, and the people whom I asked did not understand French or German. I continued running backwards and forwards for some time in great alarm, and at length resolved upon going back to our lodging, but I again lost myself in the immense city, and instead of coming to Warmoet street, wandered on the Y, the great harbour of Amsterdam, where nearly two thousand vessels were lying; at length, when it had nearly become dark, I met with a German who set me right. I could not help crying bitterly when I got home to my old master, and said to him: "Oh father, let us leave this town, where all the people are strange and don't understand a word we say; and if one asks a question, can say nothing but 'weet niet', (don't know): let us go to some place where we can't so soon lose ourselves." The old harper replied: "Are we not in the world, and is not the world much larger than Amsterdam? and is it not much easier to lose ourselves in the world than here? which was the more dangerous for you, to be lost in Basle or in Amsterdam?" I blushed red with shame, but said nothing: he continued, "And why should you find it so very remarkable, that the people here are strange to you? you are as strange to them: were not your very first words to me, 'I am a stranger, and a sojourner?' You should not be surprised therefore that the people don't understand you; it is ever so in this world, that those are seldom understood who speak of a home in heaven." Thus he spoke and I remained silent. For to tell the truth, I had for some time

past again become tired of my stranger and pilgrim life. Many places we had come to in our travels I had found very pleasant, particularly Zeist, in the neighbourhood of Utrecht, where we met with kind people, who were Germans, and where we heard beautiful music: and since then I had often thought to myself, that after all it must be very nice to live always in such a lovely place; had I only my home there! However there is still a home for us in heaven, where it will be far more beautiful, and the music too, far far sweeter. But I never dared say any thing of this to my master; for he found no pleasure on the earth, and looked at every one, except those he knew very well, with gloom and suspicion.

When he had finished speaking to me, the master of the house where we were lodging, a German, and an old friend of my master's, began to address me and said, "I will tell you a story Henry." He then related to me

### THE STORY OF THE RICH BEGGAR.

There once lived here in Amsterdam, a poor beggar, who with a coarse canvass sack upon his shoulder, and a long staff in his hand, used to pass daily through the streets and ask charity. He lived in a little hut, and had a wife and one child: he was a very wise man, who knew how to give advice in any matter of difficulty which occurred, and on this account every one was glad to see him, so that frequently, when in certain cases people were not sure how they should act, they would say, "we must wait till poor Gerd (his name was Gerhard) comes again,



he will tell us what is best to be done." It happened in this manner that poor Gerd, at all the houses where he was known, used to get a great deal given, and as he and his family lived very carefully, he had in time saved a large fortune. He then gave up begging, bought a good house, and commenced business, which he carried on very successfully. His wife in the meantime died, and his daughter grew up to be a young woman. One day, poor Gerd, (for he still always went by that name,) was standing at his window, when he saw a young well dressed man, standing in the street, and looking very melancholy and sorrowful, as if about to sink into despair. After poor Gerhard had observed the young man some time, he went out to him in the street, and invited him to come into his house. He placed him a chair, and then asked him why he was so sorrowful :—"Oh, Mr Gerhard," said the young man, "no wonder at that, when a man meets with such trouble as I have done. A year since my father died, and I being his only son, succeeded to his business, which was at the time in the very best condition. I possessed a large fortune, besides several trading vessels. And now within the space of one week, my whole fortune, from one misfortune or another, has melted away, and this morning I have received intelligence that my vessels, on which I had placed my last hopes, have all been lost. Now I have nothing left; all is gone; what remains for me but despair and death?" "Nay," answered poor Gerd; "so long as there is a God in heaven, man should never despair; there is always time enough for that. If you will agree on one condition, I shall be very glad to help you

in your extremity, for I compassionate you. Come with me." He led him to a room at the back part of his house, where, upon the wall hung poor Gerd's grey beggar's sack, and his long staff leaned in a corner. He pointed them out to the young man, and said, "Look! there hangs my old sack, and in yon corner is my stick. You know, I dare say, that for a long time I was a beggar: I am not ashamed of it, and I have preserved these signs of my former poverty, that they may keep me in continual remembrance of it. Now, if you can bring yourself to hang this sack over your shoulder, to take this stick in your hand, and wander through the streets of Amsterdam, till you have begged ten Dutch florins, I will give you my daughter for a wife, and make you heir to all my property."

The young man shrunk back from this condition. "Shall I," thought he to himself, "thus degrade myself in the eyes of my acquaintance and fellow-citizens, who have known me in my prosperous circumstances? What will people think of me, who know who I am, and that I am sprung from a good family?" But then on the other side the offer was certainly very tempting; in one sense he was even now a beggar, for he had nothing, and the glance he had caught of the fair kind face of Gerhard's daughter had by no means displeased him. What was he to do? He found it impossible to decide, and begged he might be allowed a fortnight for consideration. It was granted him: but a week had only elapsed, when he returned, hung the sack round him, took the staff in his hand, and went forth to wander as a beggar through the streets of Amsterdam. It is true many doors were shut

against him, because the inmates were ashamed to give little, and would not give much : some mocked at his poverty ; others who knew little of him, and had only heard how rich he had once been, supposed he had spent his fortune in gaming, or extravagance, and gave him only hard words. Notwithstanding all this, however, he at length got together ten Dutch florins, and as soon as he had received the last stiver, he hastened to Kalver street, where poor Gerhard lived, and laid the money down before him. The sack was now removed from his shoulders, and hung in its old place upon the wall ; the staff placed in the corner. Poor Gerhard's daughter became his wife, and he himself the heir of all his wealth."

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"Now, don't you think," continued our host, "don't you think, Henry, that it is well worth the trouble, if God chooses to order it so, to wander for a season as a stranger and a pilgrim through the world, when we know that a rich inheritance, if we agree to this condition, is laid up for us in heaven." "Oh certainly," I replied, "if one can only be quite sure that God chooses to have it so." "Well," he answered, "God will shew you in His good time whether it be so or not." We then retired to rest.

The following morning, my master awoke me very early, and said : "Henry, we leave here to-day ; make haste and dress yourself, I am quite ready." We took leave of our host, and making long days' journeys, passed quickly through Utrecht, Nymwegen, Cleves, and Xanten. My master seemed under the influence of some mental uneasiness ; he spoke little on the way, and at many of the places

where he exercised his art, he played only melancholy airs, and sang songs about death and dying. All this made me very uneasy: when he sang, I could only accompany him with my eyes, for I could do nothing but weep: even he, generally so stern and unmoveable, became at times so affected, that the tears stood in his dark eyes. We were but a few miles from Xanten, when towards evening we reached a solitary farm house, where we stopped, and begged to be allowed a night's lodging. The people were good-natured, and received us very willingly. After supper my master took his harp and sang:

Now break my heart! thy night at length is come,  
 Thy sun has long since set in mist and tears!  
 Why tarry longer in this earthly home,  
 When heaven, thy better home, in sight appears?  
 Oh heal, ye wounds, ye deep, deep wounds, now heal,  
 Long have I suffered from your ceaseless smart!  
 Inflicted were ye by the cruel steel,  
 Which tore my children from my bleeding heart.  
 Heavy and sad my pilgrimage has been!  
 In darkness, silence, and in sorrow past;  
 But now arrived at the closing scene,  
 I joy to think the goal is reached at last.  
 With harpings sweet my welcome shall be sung,  
 Into a land which knows not grief or pain;  
 Where I with golden harp and rapturous tongue  
 Shall swell the praises of the Lamb once slain!

When he had concluded, he gave me the harp, and said, "Take it, Henry, it is now yours: I shall never play upon it again." I became much alarmed, and said to him "Father, are you not well? I will go for a doctor." "Sit still," he replied. "You don't know the roads about here; it is a boisterous night, and the people of the house are already gone to bed."

besides, a doctor can do me now no good. The oil of my lamp of life is exhausted; he cannot give me a fresh supply; his office is only to trim the wick. My light is burnt out; I shall die to-night." "Oh Father!" he exclaimed, "do not die yet, else I shall be alone in the world!" "But you are not alone," he continued; "God will send his angel to direct you." He told Tobias of old. Put your trust in the Lord, and he will give way to doubts. He will do all things well, even towards me. His way has been right, though I was long dissatisfied with His leading. Often have I murmured, and thought that He had dealt too hardly with me; I have indulged also in a secret feeling of bitterness towards my fellow-men, and most wrongly and unjustly; for it was, but a few of them from whom I had to endure such grievous injuries. I entreat my merciful Father that He will pardon me this and all my other sins, before He summon me into eternity. And you, my dear Henry, beg of God to direct you ere long to a home, for this constant wandering about is likely to injure your soul's welfare. Let us now go to rest."

Upon this he extinguished the light, and lay down to sleep. But too late he laid me down, but with the firm intention to remain awake during the night. It was not long, however, ere sorrow and fatigue weighed down my heavy eyelids, and I slept until some time after the sun had risen. I was much alarmed upon waking to find it already day; but upon observing my master, my mind became reassured. He was upon his knees, praying besides a chair in order not to disturb him. I remained quite still for some time; but hearing that the people of the house were up and going about, at length

I called out, "Good morning, Father;" he gave me no answer. I now got up, went close to him, and said, "Father, the people of the house will soon be coming in," as I said this, I looked him in the face, his eyes were open, but fixed—he was dead. Even now, as I write these words, a feeling of horror runs through me, and tears fall upon the paper, when I recall that moment. I uttered a loud cry, and had nearly fallen to the ground. The people came, and were astonished when they saw what had happened during the night. They immediately sent to the next village for a surgeon, and cried every means to restore the dead to life, but in vain. On the third day they buried him. The farm house was situated in the parish of Yssum, whither the corpse was carried, and then laid in the church yard. The clergyman of the place preached a funeral sermon, from the text 2 Cor. v. 1—4.

Again I was alone. Where shall I go now? I asked, and looked up to heaven. But there was no one who answered me. I took out my cherished paper and read: "Send out thy light and thy truth; let them lead me, let them bring me to thy holy hill, and to thy tabernacle."

Quite true, this it is for which I must now pray. And He who has heard me so often already, will not now shut His ears to my petition. So I prayed and arose comforted; and hanging my harp over my shoulder, took leave with many thanks and tears of the good people who had received us so hospitably into their house. My old master had left just sufficient money to pay for the expenses of his funeral; but for me there was nothing. I went forward, however, with a good heart, and proceeding

through Horstigen and Neukirchen, arrived again at the Rhine, which I crossed in a boat, and stayed all night upon the opposite bank, at Duisburg. My playing procured me a night's lodging, and some refreshment on the way. On the third day I came to a lovely valley, full of nice pleasant looking houses, among which shone an extensive snow-white bleaching ground, while a clear silver stream, which reflected back the sparkling rays of the sun, meandered through the whole course of the valley. The houses were for the most part roofed with blue slate, and had green window shutters,—this gave them an exceedingly pretty look. On my way I fell in with a funeral procession, which struck me as very singular; the coffin was covered with black cloth, was placed on a car with two wheels, drawn by a single horse. It was preceded by a large number of men, dressed in black, in single file, each with a tobacco pipe in his mouth. I inquired of one of them what was the name of the valley; "Dat is et Wupperthal," he answered. "And the town?" "Elberfeld." I was glad to hear this, for it was a town I had often heard spoken well of; and upon further acquaintance I liked it very much, though I knew no one. In the town of Barmor, which lies near in the same valley, I remained several days, and earned something by my playing; but I had no rest even there, and proceeded further; striking into the hilly country on my left. After I had walked a few miles I saw a very pretty village or small town, situated before me on an eminence, and I thought to myself, perhaps I may find something there to suit me. I recollected my paper and the prayer it contained, "Send out Thy

light and Thy truth that they may lead me, that they may bring me to Thy holy hill and to Thy tabernacle." Full of expectations I ascended the hill, and arrived at the summit, I met the clergyman of the place, who asked me, "Where are you going, my little harper?" "I am seeking the holy mountain," was my reply. "You will have to seek a long time then," he answered. "But what do you want upon the holy mountain?" I related to him what had occurred to me during the last few days. "Oh, that is a different story," said the clergyman, and took me with him to his house. He had several children, all of them younger than myself. "Will you stay with us, Henry?" he said to me the following day. "Oh yes!" I replied, "very gladly, if you will let me!" "Well, we will see what can be done."

## CHAPTER VII.

Now I had again a home, and, oh how glad was I to have one! I had become quite tired of wandering. How happy is the condition of those children, who can live with their parents, and who have a home, brothers, and sisters, and playmates! How often have I sighed to possess such blessings, when I was going about from place to place, and entered with my harp into a home where some happy family, father, mother, and children were living together. Oh, I used to think myself, it is well for you children; when you are hungry, you have only to ask for bread, and it is given you; every day you have three warm meals prepared, and you have nothing to do but to sit down and eat; while I



must be thankful if I can procure warm food once a day, and am often obliged to suffer hunger. At night you can lie down on your comfortable beds, and I must be content with a bundle of straw, or a hard bench. When your clothes are old and torn, others are provided for you; while I, in these tatters, must wander about from day to day. If there is anything the matter with you, you can complain to your parents, while I on the whole wide earth have no one to care for me. Oh, if you knew what it is to be tired and hungry, poor and forsaken, how would you thank God for having spared you kind parents and a peaceful home! So had I often sighed formerly. At the same time I did not forget to thank God for the many blessings which He had permitted me to enjoy, notwithstanding my poverty, and I was more especially glad that I had been taught to pray to my heavenly Father, which too frequently is not the case with many children, who have abundance of temporal things, but who are still to be pitied, because with them the chief thing is wanting.

In this parsonage, which had now become my home, I was very happy. Its inmates were so kind and good and pious, and such perfect order reigned in the whole house, that I thought to myself I shall not run away from here as I did from Basle. Every morning at six o'clock, the family, including the servants, assembled round the clergyman. First a psalm was sung which I accompanied upon my harp; after which the vicar took the bible, read a chapter and explained it, so that it could be understood by all present, the service was then concluded by prayer. Then came break-

fast, and after breakfast the party dispersed, each to his proper occupation; I went to school. In the afternoon I took part in the instruction which the vicar gave his children, and in the evening the whole family again assembled. It was then his custom to question each one respecting his pursuits and his conduct during the past day. If any one had committed a fault, it must now be acknowledged, and the offender was urged with affectionate earnestness, to entreat God's forgiveness before the day finally closed; "For," said the vicar, "you should let nothing stand over till the morrow, else you cannot lie down to sleep in peace and safety, or rise with cheerfulness in the morning—sufficient for the day is the evil thereof." If one of the children or of the servants had offended any one during the day, they were here required to ask and to grant forgiveness. "For," said he, "you know not whether one of you may not wake in eternity, and how dreadful it must be to appear with unreconciled hearts in the presence of God!" The labours of each day were concluded with singing and prayer, and the vicar exhorted each one on retiring to rest, to hold communion with his Saviour alone in his closet, and to seek to be in constant preparation for death.

I wrote down several of the vicar's scriptural explanations, which he was in the habit of giving us at the time of morning prayer, they were so clear and so easy to comprehend. Unfortunately, I have only preserved one of them. It is respecting the story of the centurion of Capernaum. I will copy it here, word for word, as I wrote it down at the time.

To-day, the 2nd of October, the vicar explained to us the history of the centurion of Capernaum, and spoke as follows: We come to-day to the beautiful history contained in the 8th chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel, from the 5th to the 13th verses. Pay attention while I read:

And when Jesus was entered into Capernaum, there came unto him a centurion, beseeching him, and saying, Lord my servant lieth at home sick of the palsy, grievously tormented."

You know what a wicked city Capernaum was, and yet—who would have supposed it possible?—a pious centurion lived there. We read of three good centurions in the New Testament, to prove to us, that even in the condition of a soldier, it is still possible to live under the influence of religion. Many people make their calling an excuse for their not being better christians. In my position, say they, it would never do to practise such great strictness: a tradesman, an innkeeper, a soldier, and such like, must not be so very particular with his conscience, or else he will never get through. And behold! here is a pious centurion, yet, more than that, a heathen, and more remarkable still, dwelling in the midst of a wicked and depraved city like Capernaum. It is evidently, therefore, quite possible to be a pious and religious soldier. What do you think, Henry; can a musician be pious?"

Ans. Yes, sir, for my master was.

Vicar. But then, what must he not do?

Ans. He must no longer serve sin.

Vicar. Quite right. Now let us go further. The centurion said to the Saviour: "Lord, my servant lieth at home sick of the palsy, grievously tormented."

See how good it was of this master to shew such pity and care for his servant: he comes himself to Jesus, and entreats his assistance. "Do you think, Oeltgen, (this was the name of one of the maids) that every master acts in this manner?"

*Oeltgen.* "Oh, no sir: I remember very well, when I was diving with Mr. Ph., who was very rich, I was sent out of the house the moment I was taken ill!"

*Pear.* "Well, you see the centurion of Capernaum was a different sort of person. And doubtless, he possessed diligent and obedient servants; one sees that in the 9th verse. Observe too, how modestly he brings forward his request! He says not to the Lord Jesus: come and heal him; or, I pray thee to recover him of his sickness. He presumes to prescribe no particular course, he says only: my servant is grievously ill,—and concludes that the Saviour will himself say, what he purposes doing. And so it proves; "Jesus saith unto him, I will come and heal him." But the centurion does not require of the Lord Jesus that he should come himself; he saith therefore:—"Lord, I am not worthy that thou shouldst come under my roof, but speak the word only and my servant is healed."

"For I am a man under authority, having soldiers under me: and I say to this man, go, and he goeth; and to another, come, and he cometh; and to my servant, do this, and he doeth it." What humility there was in the demeanour of this centurion towards the Lord Jesus! Yet, what could have produced it? The Saviour was so poor, that he had not where to lay his head, he had therefore no home; but the centurion was a man of importance, and had his own house, for he says, *under my*

roof. He had servants and retainers : but Jesus came not to be ministered unto, but to minister.— Why then does the centurion say, I am not worthy that Thou shouldst come under my roof? It was because he looked upon Jesus as something greater than a mere man. Therefore he saith to him; "I am a man under authority," and, as if he would imply, Behold it is not necessary for Thee to come. Thyself to my house, if Thou wilt Thou canst use simpler means to succour my servant. I know this even from myself. For I am only a man, a man too, subject to authority, and not free and unconstrained as Thou art; yet nevertheless, I have soldiers under my orders, who obey me at a word; let me require what I will; so that when I want anything it is not necessary for me to go hither and thither, I have only to speak and it is done. How much easier is it then for so mighty a Lord as Thou to accomplish what Thou wilt, by a single word! Speak the word only, and my servant shall be healed. This was indeed great faith for a heathen soldier. And observe, that when a man's heart is right towards God, there is order in the house. How pleasing is the picture which the centurion gives of his household management! What ready obedience seems to reign throughout! Is not this a state of things which we all admire? For when the spirit of order and obedience prevail in a house, we see no such confusion and mistakes as are too often met with in establishments where this spirit is wanting: the master of such is no master, he is a slave. In the house of the Patriarch Abraham, it was very different: he had 318 servants, not reckoning the maid-servants. Don't you think that

if he had permitted the same disorder and confusion which are so common in our day, even in houses where there are only two or three servants, that he would have been greatly to be pitied with all his riches? Where, on the other hand, servants are pious, obedient, and conscientious like Eliezer and Joseph, they bring a blessing upon the house in which they dwell. And the greater the number of them, if they be of this character, the greater blessing, for each has his own good angel to watch over him, and where there are many angels it is good indeed.

But let us hear what happened further to the centurion.

“When Jesus heard it, he marvelled, and said to them that followed, verily I say unto you, I have not found so great faith, no not in Israel.”

“And Jesus said unto the centurion, go thy way; and as thou hast believed, so be it done unto thee. And his servant was healed in the self same hour.”

That must indeed have been an excellent faith at which our Lord Himself marvelled. What think you? Do *you* possess such faith? I rejoice in the hope that I shall one day meet this centurion in heaven; I will mark him well, for I shall think it was faith that brought him there. Nor is faith less availing in helping us in our earthly necessities. As the centurion had believed, so was it done unto him. His servant was healed in the selfsame hour.

Let us, my children, learn from the example of this heathen soldier, to believe like christians, to pray like christians, and to live like christians.

The vicar had a little daughter about twelve years old, a gentle, thoughtful child, full of love for every thing that lived. It would not be enough to say that she obeyed her parents at a word; she watched every look. One might almost say that her parents had taught her by their eyes. She loved her brothers and sisters tenderly, and always gave way, rather than occasion a dispute. Indeed she was kind to every body, and was every body's favourite. Even plants and dumb animals had a share in her kindness. She always took the greatest care of those plants in the garden which were sickly and drooping. She treated them like poor people. She watered them first, she stroked them, caressed and comforted them. If one of them got broken by the wind, she bound up the injured limb and nursed it till it had regained its strength. And when any of them drooped and died, she mourned as for the death of some living thing. "Poor little flower!" she would sigh, and then bury it in the earth, which, as she was wont to say, is the mother of us all.

She was just the same towards animals. Some wicked boys had stolen two eggs out of a bullfinch's nest, and destroyed them; and then related their exploit to Christine. Her heart ached when she heard what they had done, for she thought of the grief of the parent birds, deprived of their young. Oh, she thought to herself, how lonely and sad they will feel as they sit together upon this tree, and mourn over their loss. And Christine mourned with them. She begged of her mother two fresh laid hen eggs, and asked Peter, one of the neighbours, if he would do her the favour to climb the

pear tree, and place them carefully in the cold, forsaken nest. But neighbour Peter refused; it was dangerous he said, to climb the tree; besides the eggs were much larger than a finch's egg. "Well," said Christine, "so much the better. Their loss will then be more than made up: in the place of little eggs they will get big ones." So she still continued to ask him, but Peter was not to be entreated. She stood for a while gazing at the tree, measured it with her eyes, and observing that she was alone, climbed up herself, and laid the eggs in the nest. The two old birds were sitting upon a neighbouring branch, and appeared not the least alarmed. They looked upon her doubtless, much in the same manner as pious people would look upon an angel. And Christine fancied she could hear them chirp forth their joy and gratitude. Delighted with her success, she could not refrain cutting a caper upon the tree, and in doing so fell to the ground, where she lay unable to move. Her mother came running towards her in the greatest alarm, and thought at first that Christine was dead, but in a little time she came to herself, fortunately as it proved, without having broken any bones. "It was all owing" she said to her mother, "to my dancing for joy at having got up the tree, without waiting till I had got down again."

I must tell you another story about Christine. In the next town to us, there was an unjust judge who oppressed the people, and feared neither God nor man. He caused a Jewish boy to be thrown into prison, on the charge of having robbed him; though every one who knew him was convinced he was innocent: but there was no one who dare



oppose the all-powerful magistrate. The boy had no parents, and no friend courageous enough to take his part. The value of the articles alleged to have been stolen, was trifling, but small as it was he had no opportunity in prison of making it good. He therefore remained there for a considerable time, till the festival of Christmas drew near. Now in this same town where this occurred, lived Christine's uncle, the Vicar's brother; he was a wealthy man, but had no children, a want which he felt more at Christmas than at any other time: for Christmas is peculiarly the festival for children, when even grown people feel an involuntary fondness for child-like and innocent amusements. It was this feeling I suppose, which induced the rich but childless merchant to send for his brother's children to pass the Christmas week with him: when he made their little hearts glad with his Christmas presents, receiving pleasure while imparting it to them, and becoming for a few days a child among children. Strange! children are always so anxious to rank among grown up people, and the old in their turn, seek to bring back the years of their childhood. True our Saviour Himself said to His adult hearers: "Except ye become as little children, ye cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven."

On this Christmas, the first since I had entered the family, the Vicar's children were again invited by their uncle, and I was allowed to go with them. Oh what a rejoicing there was. We were driven there in sledges. On the evening of our arrival, the presents were laid out for us: they were not costly, but they were exactly suited to our wishes, and caused us no small joy. The following day

some one happened to relate the story of the poor Jew lad who had been confined in prison on nothing but bread and water. It was evident by the manner in which the circumstance was mentioned, that every body stood in great awe of the unjust judge. They seemed as timid as doves who have built their nests in the vicinity of some cruel bird of prey. We all listened attentively, and felt great pity for the poor little sufferer. The story however made an especial impression upon Christine. It quite disturbed her Christmas pleasure; she was not half so merry as she had always been before. We all know how fond children, particularly girls, are of play. But Christine could think of nothing but the poor little Jew, who was confined in prison upon bread and water, with nothing to cheer or comfort him. Without saying a word, she put all her playthings together and then drawing me on one side, earnestly begged me to take them all to the magistrate, and ask him in return to set the little Jew at liberty. For a long time I refused, for I was afraid of him, but she never ceased to intreat me, till I consented. How was it possible indeed to withstand such a petitioner. I found the way to the magistrate's house without difficulty. I tremblingly entered and was conducted into his presence. He turned angrily towards me, and began using bad language. Weeping, I told him my story. The man was quite astonished. Hard and violent as he was, he could not refuse me. His children who were present very unceremoniously began taking the playthings from me, for they were as rude and ill-mannered as himself. The Jew however was set at liberty, and Christine was richly compensated

for her loss, by contributions from the playthings of the rest ; there were some wicked people however, who made fun of what she had done. But that did not trouble her. After we returned home and had told her father the story, he said to her, "You did right." And this was a testimony she thought worth every thing besides.

It was not only on account of her naturally good disposition, and her quick and tender sensibility that Christine was so generally beloved ; not only because she was always busied in some kind act, such for instance as binding up the broken branch of a pear tree with her sash ; or attempting to give her pet lamb physic when it was sick ; or giving her supper to a poor beggar boy, and wishing no more for herself ; no ! the best part of her character was her love for God's holy word, her delight in prayer, and her childlike, and simple faith in her Saviour. She had from infancy been fond of saying her prayers. There had been some difficulty at first in persuading her to fold her hands. She had once seen a prisoner whose hands were tied together, and had asked, "Are we then God's prisoners, that we are to fasten our hands together ?" Her father replied, "See my child, we are to work as well as pray ; therefore we lift up our hands to God." With this explanation she was perfectly satisfied.

In her bible she was as much at home as in her garden. In the one she knew ever flower that bloomed ; in the other, every precious saying suited to her years. Her language was adorned with scriptural phrases—she spoke in bible-style. Still more ; she strove to make all her employments in harmony with the bible. Whatever she did was

pleasing to her only if she knew that it was mentioned either in the Old or New Testament. While dressing in the morning, those words of the Apostle Peter occurred to her, 1 Peter iii. 3, 4. While washing she remembered how the bible exhorts us, Jerem. iv. 14., and also those, Rev. vii. 14. Her father had explained to her the meaning of this passage. At her meals she thought of Abraham, and the banquet he prepared when the angels turned in unto him. Gen. xviii. 8. When she went to the well she thought of Jacob in Mesopotamia, Gen. xxix., and of the conversation of Jesus with the woman of Samaria. John iv. If she assisted in the kitchen, she remembered Martha, Luke x. 40. at her sewing, Rebecca, Gen. xxvii. 16. and when at work in her garden, Mary Magdalene, John xx. 15. For knitting and ironing, however, she could find no scripture examples. But at length she came to the conclusion, that the Apostle Paul must have had knitting in his mind, in his first Epistle to the Thessalonians, where he exhorts them "to work with their own hands." Ironing, she said, was not mentioned in the bible, because it was not then in use; but she recollected those words of the Apostle, Ephesians v. 27.

You will perceive from this how thoughtful Christine was; and may perhaps like to hear something more about her. Well then; a few words respecting her death.—She died like a flower suddenly cut down in its bright morning. She was attacked by erysipelas, and in a few days the lovely blossom lay withered and dead. Many a flower that had died before her, she had mourned with gentle

pity, and had bestowed upon it a quiet resting place beneath the bosom of its parent earth. Now it was her turn, the fairest flower of the whole garden. One might almost think she was of too tender a growth for the cold keen air of this lower earth, and that therefore she had been removed by the Gardener to a more genial clime. No doubt this Gardener had found much pleasure in her, (John xx. 15.) and great had been her love for Him. She inquired for Him continually, until He came and took her away; and we know where He has laid her.

## CHAPTER VIII.

In the meantime I had arrived at the age when it was necessary I should be prepared for confirmation. I was therefore permitted to take my place among the other candidates at those times in which they received instruction from the Vicar. We were accustomed on these occasions to assemble in the garden under a large lime tree, and seat ourselves round him. The whole of the day previous we looked forward with delight to this hour. Oh, they were indeed blessed hours, such as I shall never forget! He detailed to us the scripture narratives, in a manner so lively and graphic, that we could at times fancy ourselves really present at the scenes he described traversing the Land of Promise, or lingering awhile on the banks of the Jordan, or in the quiet retreat of Bethany. We journeyed with our Lord through Judea and Galilee, accompanied Him and His twelve disciples to Jerusalem at the feast, crossed in company with Him over the sea of Tibe-

reas, and sat at His feet when He taught the multitude.

In this manner we learned to appreciate the history of His life and doctrine, so far as it was suited to our youthful capacities. I believed then, I believe now, that the bible is not difficult to understand, if only the mind be simple and the heart upright. When we know a person intimately, and love him heartily, how soon do we learn to interpret his every look and motion ; he scarcely has need of words to express his meaning. And so in some measure it is with the bible. If we know it thoroughly, and sincerely wish to be guided by its precepts, we shall find a ready clue to those passages which to less-loving hearts may seem doubtful and obscure. Though certainly the case is very different when one is favoured with such a teacher as our good Vicar, to what it would be if one were left to oneself without any direction whatever. We delighted in the instruction he imparted to us : we felt the influence of his holy and devout spirit when he knelt with us in prayer and commended us to the care of the good Shepherd, that He would preserve us from the temptations of the world, and grant us an entrance into His heavenly kingdom.

The ceremony of confirmation made a very powerful impression upon me. On the day previous, the Vicar again spoke with each of us particularly, urging upon us the deep importance of the step we were about to take. On the morning of the day we all assembled at the vicarage ; and after we had saluted the Vicar, he led us into the garden, to the accustomed place under the lime tree. We then sang part of an old hymn.—

One thing, oh Lord, I beg of Thee,

Lord, grant me my desire ;

A heart, a heart, oh give to me,

Imbued with holy fire,

A heart, as of a little child,

Obedient, simple, good, and mild,

Rejoicing in thy light !

A heart to suffer all Thy will,

And be resigned and patient still,

Yet mighty in Thy might !

A heart unfeignedly which loves

God and God's people here ;

A heart, which ever gladly moves

To follow Him in fear.

A heart, which watchful, prudent, wise,

Removed from all deceit and lies,

Serves God without reproach :

A heart which no vile lust enslaves,

Which for Christ's sake all danger braves,

Yet loveth ever much.—

This is the gift I ask, oh Lord,

While journeying here below,

This gift which, promised in Thy word,

Thou only canst bestow.

Thou art my Maker,—be my friend,

My Saviour,—faithful to the end.

By water I am Thine ;

And Thou hast made me by Thy blood,

An heir of Heaven, a child of God ;—

And Thou Thyself art mine !

After the Vicar had prayed with us, and commended us anew to the tender love and care of our merciful Redeemer, he conducted us to the church. From that time I saw nothing of what passed with the fest ; I was occupied only with what concerned myself, and prayed earnestly in silence. With a glad heart and firm resolve I made my public confession ; for it was my inward and honest purpose

to remain true to Him who had done such great things for me; and I thought to myself, that He who reads the heart, will graciously receive and enable me to keep my solemn promise. And when I remembered all He had done for me, from my earliest years until now; how He had led me through strange paths, and yet had never failed to make good the words of comfort he had given me, I could not find words to express my deep gratitude; and my joy in these meditations was so great, that my heart seemed to have no room for anxious thoughts respecting what might be my future condition. I said to myself: before I sought Him, He was found of me, why should I fear then that He will cause His love to cease from me, or suffer His promise to fail?

In the afternoon, when the ceremony was over, our Vicar presented each of us with a book, as a remembrance of the day. Mine happened to be the largest. But when I opened it—picture my astonishment! imagine if you can the delight which prompted me to put a dozen questions in a minute. Think only! this book was no other than my bible—which I had bought and left behind in Basle. All my companions shared in my joy, when I told them what an old friend I had found in this book. After some time I received an answer to my inquiries. The Vicar had written to my foster-parents in Basle, and had informed them of my present situation, so as to free them from any anxiety respecting me. They knew already that I had left them to go with the harper, for the old man had himself, the morning after I had joined him, spoken to them about me, and had assured



them that he would do his duty towards me. The Vicar having determined to surprise me with the sight of my bible had begged them to send it, and this they had done very gladly. Nor was there any thing that could have caused me greater pleasure, than again to possess this much valued book. It is true that, except that it contained the French version, there was nothing in it more than in any other bible; but then there was connected with it so many interesting associations, it was the first bible that I had ever seen; what I had read in it was then all new to me, and it had been my comfort upon a sick bed. Altogether this day was a memorable day for me. The sight of the bible brought again to my recollection, my gold piece, and the paper in which it had been wrapped, which I still carefully preserved. These three things and my harp were all the property I possessed in the world; but how rich was I since I had now my bible again!

In the evening the rest of the party went out to take a walk. I sat alone in the garden, with my beloved book, and read in the Psalms. I came to the passage, which was written on my paper, and quickly drawing it forth I read:

“Then will I go unto the altar of God, unto God my exceeding joy: yea upon the harp will I praise Thee, oh God, my God.”

How appropriate to the events of this day! Have I not, indeed, approached the altar of my God, and there solemnly offered up my vows of fidelity? Has He not been to me to-day a God of joy and gladness? Should I not praise Him on the harp all my life long? Yes! verily, my songs of praise should

never cease! I ran into the house and fetching my harp, sang a hymn which the Vicar had taught me.

By this time the others had returned and were standing behind me, when I ceased. I was about to rise and take my harp away, but the Vicar said, "No, stay here, the sun is going down. Let us sing our evening hymn together!"

## CHAPTER IX.

Being now confirmed, the question arose, what next? I could remain with the Vicar no longer. It was time now for me to learn something, that I might be able to make my own way in the world. But even in this matter God opened a way for me. The Vicar had a friend in Elberfeld, a merchant, who offered to take me as an apprentice to his business without premium. Painful as it was for me to leave the house where I had been so lovingly received and treated; and where I had met with parents, brothers, and sisters, I still entered with cheerfulness upon the path which God had appointed me, for I knew that I should there meet with Christian people and Christian treatment. I received permission also to visit the Vicar from time to time. This helped to make the parting less painful to me, and though sad, I still entered Elberfeld with hope and confidence. True enough, I did not find it by any means so easy and pleasant a life, as the one I had led in the peaceful village upon the holy mountain; for I was obliged to work hard all day, and to do many things which had not been required of me before. I was not, however, without my hours of recreation, among

which I reckoned those I spent with my master's children, when I spoke French with them, (for it was my mother-tongue, and I had never forgotten it.) I soon saw that learning of any kind is difficult, but that without it, no one can hope to obtain anything in this world. I therefore did my best to be diligent and obedient, and not to prove a burden to my master, who had so kindly taken me. At times, when I found anything rather hard to bear, I addressed myself to God and asked of Him to make me prudent and faithful in the discharge of my duty. I endeavoured, also, to make good use of my bible, that not only might I succeed in this world—though even for that God's word and blessing are necessary,—but that I might also be made fit to enter into the joys of heaven. It was one of my festival days, when I could spend a Sunday in my quiet village, and listen to a sermon from the dear Vicar, who still continued to care for me, and to look upon me as one of his own children. After every such visit, I returned with new courage to my duties, and with my patience strengthened to bear whatever I found difficult and trying. In this manner a year fled by almost imperceptibly, and I had the pleasure of knowing that my master was satisfied with me; when alas! he died suddenly, and all my hopes were dashed to the ground.

I was again left destitute. I could no longer remain where I was: for the business had to be given up; and where was I to find another master, who would be kind and considerate to me as my last had been? What course should I take? The Vicar endeavoured to console me by telling me that God would again come to my assistance; but I

could see no means, and was cast down beyond measure. In this extremity as I was seeking something one day in my desk, my eye fell upon my little leaf. Oh, I thought, if it could only give me some comfort now; well, who can tell? I opened it and read:

“Why art thou cast down, oh my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? hope in God, for I shall yet praise Him, who is the health of my countenance and my God.”

Oh how these words filled me with shame, that my faith should have been so weak! How soon had I forgotten God's wonderful dealings with me heretofore. I threw off the depression which had weighed down my energies, and broke forth into a hymn, beginning:—

Away then care and sorrow!  
For this day and to-morrow,  
Another arm provides!

I packed my few things together, and taking leave of the kind family of my late master, climbed with a good heart, the well-known hill to the parsonage, where the vicar told me I was to remain till I met with a suitable situation. On the third day, however, after my arrival, he sent me with a letter to Muhlheim, on the Ruhr. This letter contained a proposition to a merchant of that place, to allow me to finish my apprenticeship with him. Late in the evening I came to a solitary house, and applied for a night's lodging. I met with kind, good people. They told me their house was called the “pilgrim's hut,” a name which it had received in the time of the holy St. Tersteegen; and I could not

help recalling the period when I had been a stranger and a pilgrim. How much during that time had I seen and heard, suffered and enjoyed. Now I was again little better than a stranger and a pilgrim. Every thing about this house pleased me, and I could soon have fancied myself at home in it. The next morning in good time, I arrived at Muhlheim, and directed my steps immediately to the residence of the merchant to whom the letter was addressed. He was a grave looking man, and after reading the letter and examining me very closely, told me to sit down. After that he returned to his counting-house, and I did not see him again till dinner time. In the mean time I saw many people going backwards and forwards; but no one took the slightest notice of me, I thought to myself; this time I have got to the wrong house, there does not seem much chance of my meeting with anything good here; and this reflection made me feel very sad. I saw a book lying in a corner, I took it and began reading. It was the second part of "Stilling's Life," and pleased me amazingly; for it seemed as if his experience had been something like my own, only much more painful and difficult. I had nearly read the the book through when I was summoned to dinner. In the dining room, I found all the members of the family assembled; together with a strange gentleman who was there on a visit. During dinner little was said, and that only upon necessary subjects; and when it was over, every one withdrew except the master of the house and his visitor, who very gravely lighted their pipes. It was intimated to me also that I was to remain. The merchant then drew the letter I had brought

out of his pocket, and handed it to the strange gentleman, who, after reading it, asked me in French (for the letter mentioned that I spoke French fluently,) where I had learnt the language? I replied, "It is my mother tongue." "Where were you born?" he inquired further, I said "I don't know." He seemed surprised, and asked to be made acquainted with my history. I told him as much as I thought necessary, and as much as I knew myself. His attention became so excited that he let his pipe go out, and laid it down upon the table. "What was your mother's name?" I was unable to tell him. "Was she not tall?"—Yes. "Had she not very dark hair?"—Yes. In a tone betraying increased interest, he asked "Did she then leave you nothing?" "Nothing but one gold piece." "What, a gold piece? Have you got it yet?" "Yes," I replied, and was about to produce it; but he said in an agitated voice, "Stop, is there not upon the coin a kneeling figure of Nicolas von der Flue?" "Certainly," I replied, much astonished. "How can you know that?" "Can it then be possible," murmured the stranger, "I can scarcely believe it," He then said to me; "Is there not a little cross cut on the other side?" I answered "I am not aware there is," and brought out the coin. "Examine it, sir, for yourself." Scarcely had he looked at it, when he exclaimed "Right, it is the same! Welcome a thousand times, my dear Henry! I am your Uncle, your mother was my sister." With these words he folded me in his arms, and kissed me. I was so overcome, that I began weeping aloud; he wept as well. For a long time I could not utter a

word ; and yet there was so much to ask. But my Uncle said " Reserve your inquiries,—bye and bye they shall all be satisfied."

## CHAPTER X.

His business in Muhlheim being concluded, he immediately ordered his conveyance to be got ready ; we then took leave of the grave-looking merchant, and drove to Elberfeld. Every thing seemed to me like a dream. The stranger and pilgrim was now to experience what it is to have an earthly home.

As soon as we had fairly started, my uncle began to relate as follows :

" Your father filled an official post in a small town in France ; he had the character of being an upright man, but one who adhered to his opinions with a firmness almost amounting to obstinacy. During the dreadful period of the revolution, he was urged to do many things, which as a conscientious man he could not agree to. Being held in much esteem by his fellow citizens, his opponents did not venture at first to proceed openly against him, but they kept their eye upon the stubborn enemy of liberty,—as they called him,—and only waited for an opportunity to pour upon him the full measure of their fury. This came but too soon. These rude friends of liberty ere long obtained the upper hand, and banded together in crowds, to avenge themselves upon those whom they considered their enemies. When some of your father's fellow-townsmen endeavoured to defend him from their violence, they became like raging wild beasts balked of their prey, and began

murdering and plundering every thing in the town. A ball pierced your father through the heart—he fell dead upon the spot. Your mother made her escape with her only child through a back door. At that time I was carrying on business in the same town, and as I was known to be your father's brother-in-law, I also was threatened with death. My house was plundered, and I was forced to make my escape through a window, and with difficulty saved my life. In the neighbouring wood, I met with your mother, among a crowd of other fugitives; but we still were apprehensive of being pursued by our enemies. I had nothing in my pockets but two ducats; one of them, which had upon it the figure of Nicholas von der Flue, I gave to your mother, first scratching with my knife a little cross upon one side. "Perhaps," I said to her, "we may be separated, and then, should we again at some future time come together, this will serve as a memento of the misery which has now come upon us. We went forward through the forest till night-fall and lay down to rest beneath the trees, two of us keeping watch by turns. About two o'clock in the morning we were aroused, and saw fire in the distance; in our alarm we all began running in various directions, and you can easily imagine that owing to the darkness of the night and the thickness of the forest, I soon lost sight of you and your mother; and as we all feared to utter the slightest sound, lest we should betray ourselves to the enemy, I could not succeed in finding her again. You may picture my distress. When the daylight came, I found myself alone, and soon reached the end of the wood. But I found no traces of your mother, and



never afterwards could obtain any tidings of her. As I happened to have some considerable sums of money in the hands of mercantile connexions in Germany, I proceeded thither, though not without encountering eminent danger; where having obtained possession of my money, I commenced a small business in N. which under God's blessing has proved prosperous. I have no children—my wife is dead; you must live with me, and learn to carry on my business. God be praised that He has again brought us together!"

Such was my uncle's narrative. I wept silent tears, and at the same time offered my heart-felt gratitude to Almighty God for His wonderful dealings towards me. Late in the day we arrived at Elberfeld, where we remained all night. The next day we went to see the vicar, who with his family rejoiced not a little at what had taken place. My uncle wished to compensate him for all he had expended on my account, but he would take nothing. After staying there two days, we parted with many tears. My harp and my bible were packed up, and we set out for my uncle's residence.

"Bless the Lord, oh my soul, and all that is within me, bless His holy name."

"Bless the Lord, oh my soul, and forget not all His benefits."







